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the Christian goldsmith. We know his house and we know his shop and we know his name. And as for Daoud, he shook with fear and he said: Verily I am innocent, and as for your sister I have never seen her or known her or heard her name. But one of the brothers struck Daoud with his riding-switch, saying: It is seemly that those about to die should meet that angel who is appointed to take their souls with dignity, with patience, and with gladness, for he is God's messenger. Therefore, O smith, cease from unmanly pleading and go you to your house, and there prepare your affairs and settle your business and make your peace with the One God. And, if it be the will of God, tomorrow at the time of the dawn prayer, you will meet him whose coming all await and all expect, for he comes to every man at his appointed time, nor can a coward avoid him, nor can a brave man escape him. And as for us, we know your house and we know your shop, and we will be beside you at that time.

Daoud returned to his house, and his hands were shaking and tears flowed from his eyes, and he entered and embraced his wife and acquainted her with his state. And her tears mingled with his tears and her sobs echoed his sobs and they spent an hour in lamentation and in grief. And after they were exhausted with sobbing and weeping, the girl, the wife of Daoud, spoke and she said: O my lover, go from here and go to another city, for only in this way can your life be spared. Does not a caravan march from here at the sixth hour of night, for the time is summer? Wrap you all our store of gold and jewels in a handkerchief and depart.

So Daoud wrapped his wealth in a handkerchief and he covered his face with his headcloth and donned his cloak and left his house and he went to the serai and he

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WHAT do you know of El Iraq, you who are boys? I was an old man before the First German War, and I know the country and its history, yet you say there is no monster in the Hor el Hammar. I have seen it, thirty years ago, for this monster takes on the shape of a woman, and it beckons to a man that he may enter the lake, and every twelve years it must eat a man. I have seen it beckoning on the edge of the lake on the nights when there was no moon, but I did not follow it, for I knew its history, and I know that a man must carry a needle when away from his house at night, yet you know nothing of these things, and you are like Abdul Rehman Abu Sultan, who was so ignorant that he desired nothing but money, and who was so foolish that he tried to rob the dead without listening to warnings or heeding cautions that the sons of Adam shall not meddle with magic and strange matters, nor shall they interfere with those that live beyond the end of the world, nor shall they disturb those that await the Last Day.

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Abdul Rehman Abu Sultan was a carpenter of Basra, and he lived in his house with a young and lovely wife and with a fine son, yet he was not happy, for his earnings were few and his house was a poor house of bowari matting and his food was but dates and bread. And winter came and the rains fell and everything in Abdul Rehman's house was wet, even to the blankets of his bed, for the matting did not keep out the rain, and the cold wind whistled through the walls of his house, and he was in a miserable and desperate state, so he went to the coffee-house to get warm and he met there his friends, and he discussed his condition, saying: How can I get money to buy a dry house, and a sheep for the feast and clothes for my wife? And they replied, and said: Did we but know a

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